

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### Snowballing.

BY JOHN S. HUNT.

The old, hoarse gold of her tresses  
Is straying about her face,  
And the wind through the silver tresses  
Is raising a soft, sweet breeze.  
Her eyes are like the stars of heaven,  
Her cheeks are like the roses of June,  
Her lips are like the coral of the sea,  
Her hair is like the golden sun.  
She is the fairest of the fair,  
The most beautiful of all,  
The one who makes the world a place  
Of joy and gladness and of love.  
She is the one who makes the world  
A place of joy and gladness and of love,  
The one who makes the world a place  
Of joy and gladness and of love.

## Miscellaneous.

### DESTRUCTIVE DISUNION.

I have the latest intelligence from Bungtown, and hasten to give it. First, I copy for you a letter from my friend General Bomb L. Bee. It reads as follows:

I should recommend that Miss Columbia, the Goddess of Liberty, have very little to do with Mr. Abraham Lincoln for the present, as I am not quite satisfied that his intentions are honorable. Abraham is not fair to Bungtown—and Bungtown has claims on Abraham that cannot be met, that shall not be ignored. Bungtown has a slave population—not a numerous one, 'tis true, but only one sixty year old limping darkey, who was owned in Virginia by Major Colonel Stubbs, who brought him to Bungtown because he couldn't sell him, and the law didn't allow him to turn him loose in the road. Still, small though the slave population of Bungtown is, she feels that she is in danger; she knows that the time has come when insurrection is to be feared, and murder, arson, rape, treason, and other amusements cherished among the negro population, including petit larceny, playing the accordion, and contempt of court, will be rather fashionable than otherwise. Bungtown is resolved to be true to herself. Bungtown has taken immediate steps—Bungtown is prepared—Bungtown will resist the uprising of her slave population to the last gasp.

The inhabitants of Bungtown have now been under arms for four days and nights, and they are becoming anxious. Pompey Julius, our slave population, has not arisen yet; he has not rebelled; he has not insurrected—quite the contrary.

When the call was issued for volunteers, Pompey Julius was the first man to come forward at the ominous tap of the horrid drum. He brought his fiddle—he thought there was going to be a dance. Owing to the prompt action of our gallant brigade of Minute Men, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Bomb L. Bee, our entire slave population has been surrounded, disarmed, and put under guard. This military evolution was performed without the loss of a man, and elicited the highest commendation from the general. He made his army a speech—he complimented them on their bravery, on their stances, on their patriotism and on their devotion. The army cheered the general. Our slave population also cheered—he thought it was a good joke.

The general in his speech, raised a horrible thought—he suggested that the instrument resembling a fiddle, was an infernal machine. No sooner had he said this, than the circle around Pompey Julius enlarged greatly. Our slave population gave a hurrah—he thought they were clearing a ring for a fight.

Our gallant military retired rapidly to the distance of half a mile; here they were rallied by the general, who hailed the slave population with a trumpet, telling him to put his fiddle into the creek,

and hold it under water for two hours. This was to damage the concealed powder. Pompey obeyed the order, and at the end of the time the fiddle was burned in the public square, our slave population yelling all the time with joy—he thought it was a bonfire, and he knew he had bought the fiddle on trust and never paid for it, and he hoped somebody would do it for him.

By order of Mayor Squidge, the habitation of our slave population has been searched, and all incendiary implements, documents, and combustibles have been removed. His habitation was a loft over a stable, and all the furniture was an armful of straw, a three-legged stool, and a fish-pole. General Bomb L. Bee said our slave population might use the straw to fire on houses. Mayor Squidge said, "Burn it." The general suggested that, with the stool our slave population might knock out our unsuspecting brains in our innocent sleep. Mayor Squidge said, "Burn it." The general hinted that with the fish pole our slave population might break the jaws of our lovely wives, and with the fish line he might hang our prattling babes on lamp-posts. Mayor Squidge said, "By all means, burn 'em!" So they were removed, under a strong escort, to the public square, and burned, our slave population kicking up his heels with apparent delight—he thought some one would give him a new stool and another fish pole.

So far Bungtown has nobly stood up for her rights and has taken care of her own safety. What shall be the ultimate result of all this, remains to be settled by correspondence with Lincoln. If Lincoln will purchase our slave population, and set him free; if he will recognize Bungtown as the metropolis of the country, and if he will give Bungtown men those prominent positions in the national council to which they are by right entitled, Bungtown will consent to remain a member of the confederacy. If he will not do these things, let him take heed to himself—on his own head be the awful consequences, for then the cry will be "Secession!" "Disunion!" and Bungtown will secede—Bungtown will disunite—the stars and stripes will be trailed in Bungtown mud, and the Bungtown flag (one clam, rampant, in a sea-green field) will wave o'er the fragments of this disunited Union.

Yours, BOMB L. BEE.

When the Bungtowners got thus far, they began to telegraph to Abraham. The telegraphic correspondence I have seen, and it runs as follows:

General Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 1.

"After you have made me Secretary of War, you had better make Stubbs your Secretary of the Interior, and Squidge your Secretary of State. Lieutenant Ketch would be a good Postmaster-General, and I should recommend Squidge as Attorney General. They are all of Bungtown, and all have my confidence."

BOMB L. BEE.

A. Lincoln to General Bee.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Mayor Squidge to A. Lincoln—No. 1.

"I want the Postmaster-Generalship. K. SQUIDGE."

A. Lincoln to Mayor Squidge.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Col. Stubbs, whose darkey, Pompey Julius, being six years old, and worked a little at almost everything, estimated his value, and sent the bill to Lincoln as follows:

Col. Stubbs to A. Lincoln—No. 1.

"Of course you are prepared to purchase and liberate our slave population. The slave population of Bungtown is long to me. The inventory and value of the slave population of Bungtown is as follows:

1 Boot-black, value	\$2.500
1 Chimney-sweep	2.500
1 Wood sawer	2.500
1 Drayman	2.500
1 Muck-rat catcher	2.500
1 Stable-cleaner	2.500
1 White-washer	2.500
1 Carpet-shaker	2.500
1 Fiddler	2.500
1 Fisherman	2.500
Total value of slave population	\$250,000.

"Send a check for the amount, and my papers as Secretary of State, and Bungtown shall remain in the Union."

M. STUBBS.

A. Lincoln to Stubbs—No. 1.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Stubbs to Lincoln—No. 2.

"Never mind about the Secretary of State. Send the cash. M. STUBBS."

Lincoln to Stubbs—No. 2.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Stubbs to Lincoln—No. 3, and last.

"Never mind the two hundred—send fifty thousand. If you don't I'll secede; if I do, I'll be terribly avenged. I'll be—"

STUBBS.

Lincoln to Stubbs—No. 3, and last.

"Hanged, A. LINCOLN."

K. Squidge to A. Lincoln—No. 2, and last.

"Please, sir, I'd like to be Postmaster of Bungtown."

"Respectfully, K. SQUIDGE."

A. Lincoln to K. Squidge—No. 2, and last.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Gen. Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 2.

"No matter about the rest—make me Secretary of War. BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 2.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Gen. Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 3.

"I ain't particular about staying in this country—send me Minister to England. BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 3.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 4.

"Never mind, old fellow—make me U. S. Marshal in this district. BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 4.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 5.

"All right, nobody offended. A small place in the Custom-House will do. BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 5.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 6.

"I forgive you, Abe. Give me a little clerkship somewhere. BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 6.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 7.

"DEAR ABRAHAM:

"Send me ten dollars, and say no more about it. BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 7.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

Bomb L. Bee to A. Lincoln—No. 8.

"I say, Abe, haven't you got a pair of old breeches that you don't want? If so send 'em along, and consider me ever, 'Your humble, grateful servant, BOMB L. BEE."

A. Lincoln to Bomb L. Bee—No. 8.

"You be hanged, A. LINCOLN."

There is at present a cessation of telegraphic hostilities; but the Bungtowners are awake and stirring. As soon as General Bomb L. Bee received the last dispatch from Lincoln, he called out the military again and made a speech. In the midst of the exordium, a terrified messenger rode up, and gasped out:—"Burglars—poisoned—slaves!" and then fell down in a fit, previously thrusting into the hands of the general a box of some white substance. He had found it concealed in one corner of the habitation of our slave population. Everybody was horror-struck, for everybody thought our slave population had received from some bloodthirsty abolitionist poison enough to destroy us all. One universal cry of vengeance arose against our slave population, and a simultaneous rush was made by our gallant soldiers and our population upon our slave population. He was found curled up in a corner of the fence, fast asleep. The amiable propositions to hang him and to burn him alive were vetoed, and Mayor Squidge's suggestion, to make him eat the poison, was unanimously accepted. Our slave population was confronted by Gen. Bomb L. Bee with a drawn sword, and compelled him to swallow the box of poison.

He did it without objection.

After he had done it, he made a remark.

It was supposed to be his dying confession, and General Bomb L. Bee stooped over him to hear it. It was as follows:

"Guess de white folks all done gone mad. De burn up nigger's fiddle and bow, and den make him eat de rotum."

Our slave population was right. It was not strychnine; it was rotum. He was permitted to go to sleep again.

Here ends my last dispatch from my friend, the general; but I have heard from other sources that the Bungtownians are prepared to secede. They are to begin, as all the Southern States do when they talk of secession, by swindling their Northern creditors out of their honest dues. They called a public meeting, and resolved to repudiate as soon as Bugville and Jollop return from New York. Bugville and Jollop are the storekeepers of Bungtown, and had gone to New York to buy all the goods they could get trusted for. When B. and J. returned, it was needless to say that they entered heartily into the scheme. They could only get credit for about \$300 worth of goods; but they were thankful for small favors. Bungtown will repudiate and secede as soon as the goods arrive.

Another instance is given where they came to a house in which a lady was sick. She had a child but two days old, and instant even without reason or compassion, would, in ordinary cases, have pointed out a line of duty; but this Georgia monster ordered her carried out on a bed and laid upon the prairie, and then, before her own eyes, he applied the torch to the dwelling. It is said that Capt. Sturgis, who had command of the Company, shed tears on this occasion. The husband was absent from home during the occurrence. I heard still another version of the case of his partiality, in burning the house, which I am not prepared either to confirm or deny, but will pass it along unimpaired. It is said that the agent burnt the houses of all those who were suspected of tearing down his notices some weeks ago; that he was actuated by revenge in the whole proceeding. The facts are these: several times during the last three years, threatening or insulting notices have been posted throughout that district, warning the settlers to leave before a given time. They have always proved to be bogus, and the settlers were tired of seeing such a parade of mockery. It is now claimed that Col. Cowan put up such notices prior to his visit, and that they were torn down for the same reason that others had been, and for this offense the burning penalty was administered to the "ungodly."

## THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the ivy on the wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the misty past,  
And I hope of youth full days that will be last,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, be still, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

## Outrages in Southern Kansas.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Mapleton, in this Territory, thus describes the outrages committed not long since upon the Cherokee Land settlers:

It is told by many citizens that the agent manifested the spirit of a brute through the whole affair. He is said to be a native of Georgia, and whenever he was assured by any settler that he was from a Slave State, or would prefer a slave State to any other, he was not molested and his house was passed by. Thus, for a space of ten miles over the burnt district there may be seen a house burnt on the left, one saved on the right—one burnt here, another left there, as if all power was in the agent's hands to save or destroy. One incident is related that must be embalmed. I heard the same from at least ten different gentlemen, and the facts will be sworn to if desired. An old gentleman with a large family had watched the progress of these incendiaries through the day, and they had approached near his own house before enacting for the night.

In the evening he walked over to the camp and tried to prevail on the colonel to spare his house and home, as he was a poor man without it, but with it he was in good circumstances. The colonel was cold and crusty towards him, and gruffly replied that he would have a visit in the morning.

The man returned home, sad and dejected. Sleep afforded him little consolation that night, but he talked over with his wife the misfortunes they were about to share. He suspected the cause of the discriminations made in favor of certain families previously, and resolved to try the experiment rather than submit willingly to the Federal ordeal. In the morning he called upon the agent and renewed his appeal.

"Where were you from when you came to Kansas?" inquired the colonel.

"From Missouri," was the answer.

"Where shall you go to if you are driven out?"

"To Arkansas, down on Soldier Creek."

"Have you friends living there?"

"Yes, all the friends I have anywhere are down there."

"Well, Sir, you had better go back home, and I'll come along there soon, and we'll talk the matter over until I come."

The man went home, but he found that his wife in her alarm had carried out all the furniture before his return. He let it remain, however, and in due time the Colonel and his posse came along.

"Well," says the Colonel, "what is all this for? I told you not to get your things out till I came."

"I know you did, but my wife had them all out before I got back."

"It's no matter; just get in and ride with me a little ways, and we'll talk the matter over."

He did so; and, after a very social chat, the colonel remarked, among other things: "Now, if these people had all been of your grit, they would not be driven out."

"Just so," was the reply.

They soon parted; the house was not molested, and his furniture soon stood as firm as before. The best of the story is, the man was from Wisconsin, and his relatives are living in Canada; but he wanted to prove the sincerity of this J. B. decree, and he had done so. I was slow to believe all this until I had evidence unmistakable.

Another instance is given where they came to a house in which a lady was sick. She had a child but two days old, and instant even without reason or compassion, would, in ordinary cases, have pointed out a line of duty; but this Georgia monster ordered her carried out on a bed and laid upon the prairie, and then, before her own eyes, he applied the torch to the dwelling. It is said that Capt. Sturgis, who had command of the Company, shed tears on this occasion. The husband was absent from home during the occurrence. I heard still another version of the case of his partiality, in burning the house, which I am not prepared either to confirm or deny, but will pass it along unimpaired. It is said that the agent burnt the houses of all those who were suspected of tearing down his notices some weeks ago; that he was actuated by revenge in the whole proceeding. The facts are these: several times during the last three years, threatening or insulting notices have been posted throughout that district, warning the settlers to leave before a given time. They have always proved to be bogus, and the settlers were tired of seeing such a parade of mockery. It is now claimed that Col. Cowan put up such notices prior to his visit, and that they were torn down for the same reason that others had been, and for this offense the burning penalty was administered to the "ungodly."

Another story is told of the agent, that seems in keeping with the other acts. The Osage Indians, situated farther west, have a similar tract of land, on which the whites have settled to some extent. The same instructions have been issued to the agents of the respective tribes. The Osage agent would not molest the inhabitants on their land, and when Col. Cowan ascertained this, he volunteered to put them all off, on condition that he could have the full pay for doing it. Money, then, has something to do with this outrage, on the part of the agent, but on the part of the Government there is another motive, no less infamous. In conversation with a very worthy gentleman, Col. Cowan remarked that if the inhabitants now on the neutral lands would consent to make the northern limits of those lands the southern boundary of Kansas; and also if the people of Kansas would consent to the same boundary, they might all go back and stay on their farms, and he would not molest them—thus making his own edict superior to a law of Congress.

Precisely here is the whole cause in a nutshell. Slavery is warring against free territory on every side. Kansas has conquered a peace, still the South now seeks to wrench from us a strip of our consecrated soil, under the subterfuge of an Indian treaty. They want it to go with an Indian Territory on the South, where Slavery already exists, and seem to think that if our Territorial officials will sanction the scheme that the sovereign will give up the contest. It may prove unfortunate that their slight acquaintance with the people of Kansas has led them into this delusion. We want no better evidence than this grand design moves the whole machinery. Senator Green's speech last spring told us as much, but less openly. The irrepressible signs from many of the Southern States, are pointing at the same result. Well, if they are not done with Kansas yet, it is time to know it. One thing may be relied on. After all the other in suits and approbrium the oligarchy has sought to inflict upon us, we shall not quietly permit our State to be dismembered to aggrandize the South.

A Democratic Dirge—Away For Dixie.

The following is from the Fonda (N. Y.) Democrat:

There is a blessed country a little beyond Borribollos Gha. The wicked Republicans cease from troubling there, and weary Democrats are at rest. An antiquated Dobbin, whose bones ought to be picked as clean as those of Democracy, (in charity for Dobbin we say it,) drags an antiquated boat, every four years, to that country, and the boat is laden with disappointed office seekers, voters, gold viators, and country editors. It may be that the cause of the voyagers was right; it may be that they look with sorrow on their venerable uncle, Samuel, saying, with no intention of irreverence, "How often would we have gathered ourselves under your wing, O old boy, and you wouldn't do it."

We are bound for the political Dixie. Dobbin is fastened to the forward end of the boat, Douglas is at the helm, and Breckinridge and Bell are at either end, pulling opposite ways; while the expressive countenance of J. B. looms up from the dead head seat, in awful majesty. The band strikes up, "Hail Salt-River," and several passengers "Thunder and Lightning" by way of variety. With creaking spars and shattered sail, and a hole in the bottom which Hunt is trying to cover with the tail of his seedy coat, the boat is under weigh and we are off. "Away, away, away I were up Salt River, O!" and the O winds up with a groan, and a screwing of countenances, as if for a call for "soothing syrup for Democratic gripes."

Our Little Giant cap and torch have been carefully laid aside. We shall not need them any more. They have been "adjoined sine die." They are useless in the superlative degree. They are good mementoes of a shadow of a hope that was a comfort, but which has gone dead, flickered out, expired, and classically vamoosed.

We cannot be a Little Giant any more. Our loftiness of two or three weeks ago, seen so vividly of yore torch-light nights—has gone down into somebody's boots, perhaps our boots, but they are very large to "what they need to us." Our firm reliance in the justice of a cause has given place to a firm belief in the startling doctrine that things are not as they ought to be.

Well, dear beloved reader, this is a world of change and disappointment. The enemy cometh in a dark day, in a dark cap, with a black cap and a woolly headed guide. Verily he smiteth terribly, and leaveth hardly a grease spot. Hurrah for Link—we should repeat—not so far, not so far.

THE FUSION PYRAMID.—Three-sevenths of

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PASSING.—Why should Orr be a disunionist?

Look in the grammar. Orr is always a disunionist part of speech.

A DAY GOING VIEW OF THE CASE.—Because we hear of the fall of stocks, that is no reason why we should fear for the ties of the Union.

## UNDER THE ICE.

Under the ice the waters run,  
Under the ice our spirits lie;  
The genial glow of the Summer sun,  
Shall loosen their fetters by and by.  
Moss and green in the prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!

The Winter is growing warm and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice, under the snow,  
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;  
By and by the south winds blow,  
And roses bloom on the banks of Spring.  
Moss and green in the prison strong,  
River of life—river of love!

The nights grow short, the days grow long,  
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,  
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;  
Under the ice our good deeds grow;  
Moss and green in the prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!

Under the ice that has chilled as though;  
Oh! that the friends who have known as long,  
Dare to doubt we are good and true!  
Moss and green in the prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!

Under the ice we hide our wrongs—  
Under the ice that has chilled as though;  
Oh! that the friends who have known as long,  
Dare to doubt we are good and true!  
Moss and green in the prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!

## A Short Sermon by Capt. Montgomery.

My brethren, let me here, once for all, disclaim the title of Reverend. I look upon that title as being little less than profane.

Text: Luke, 10th chapter, beginning at the 25th verse. "A certain lawyer, tempting him, said, Master, what good must I do to inherit eternal life? And he said, How readest thou? Which is the greatest commandment? And he said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. Thou hast answered well. This do and thou shalt live. But he, being willing to justify himself, said, Who is my neighbor?"

"A certain man journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves, who stripped him, leaving him half dead. And a certain priest chanced to pass that way, who when he saw him, passed by on the other side. And also a Levite, when he saw him, looked on him and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, when he saw him, had compassion on him, and bound up his wounds, etc."

"Now, which of these three sayest thou, was neighbor to him that fell among thieves?"

He said, "He that had compassion on him." "Thou hast well said. Go and do likewise!"

The text, being long, is not fully quoted.

The question asked by the lawyer is one that concerns us all. "What good must I do to inherit eternal life?"

The answer teaches the nature of true religion; that it is something to be done. A system of active benevolence. In a word, it is doing right; and "he that doeth right is righteous."

It is that system which is illustrated by the Golden Rule; whatever you would that men should do unto you, that do ye even so unto them.

"This do and thou shalt live;" and in doing right we will all feel right.

The Savior says a certain man; not a certain Jew, nor a certain white man; but a certain man. Nothing said about his nationality, or his color.

To inherit eternal life, then, we must love God and love our fellow man; our brother. "For if a man say he loves God, and loves not his brother, he is a liar;" and "all liars have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; which is the second death, the opposite of eternal life."

All this is very plain; but does love to man, or in other words, compassion on him, require us to harbor and protect fugitives? Yes.

Is it right to protect fugitives? Yes.

Hear what God himself says. "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell among you, in a good place in thy gates; thou shalt not oppress him." Moral principles never change. What is once right is always right.

It is right to protect fugitives, or God would not have commanded it.

"He shall dwell among you." That does not allow us to send him to Canada against his will. In this discourse, I take it for granted that the negro is a man. In my next I will prove it.

Meanwhile, he has fallen among thieves who have stripped him; and finding him half dead, let us, like the good Samaritan, have compassion on him, that we may have eternal life.

FOR SALT RIVER.—The dug-out, chartered by the Fusionists, starts to-morrow for the head of Salt River. The cabin boy was sent with \$25 this morning to buy the "small stores." He returned while the captain and mate were in the cabin taking a "smile," and the following colloquy took place:

BOY.—Well, Captain, I've come on board with the "small stores."

CAPTAIN.—What have you bought?

BOY.—I spent twenty-four dollars for whiskey and one dollar for bread.

CAPTAIN.—Thunder! What are we going to do with so much bread?—Albany Journal.

## The Southern Grievances.

Whoever wades through the columns of Southern diatribes against the North which we daily publish, and the still denser columns thereof furnished by some of our contemporaries, must perceive that the master grievance therein heaped upon us is our deficient alacrity in catching and returning runaway slaves. Of course, the especial target of malediction is Northern legislation against kidnapping; but that is merely a casual exhibition, under the spur of the Fugitive Slave act and of the Nebraska bill, of the invincible Northern repugnance to playing the part of blood-hound on the track of a frightened and flying woman, who, having had three or four of her children torn from her and sold to Mississippi or Texas, is flying to save the last of her brood from a fate more abhorred than death. We repeat that the gravamen of the offense is Northern repugnance to slave-catching, the particular manifestation given to that repugnance being accidental and inconsequent. The vital, honest, naked truth is, that the mass of the people of the Free States never did heartily co-operate in negro catching, and never will. Had they been inclined to do so, the original Fugitive law of 1793 would have answered every purpose; since they were not and are not,